Vol. III. No. 45. Total 149.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, No. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.
Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, *November* 5, 1803.

The Chimney-Sweeper.

OR,

THE SCHOOL FOR LEVITY.

(From a late London Publication.)

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. IV.

THE major soon returned to his regiment; and Edwards, with the confidence of grateful friendship, communicated to him what had passed.

And so, my fine fellow!" cried Clatterton, when he had finished his recital, "you are caught, at last!—Well!—take care:—if all proves right, I am well pleased. I own I had some notion of your being attached to Georgy;—if so, hang me when I seek to separate you:—now the prize is my own; for she is a bewitching girl, faith!"

"Edwards expressed his surprise at this declaration from the Viscount of an attachment to Miss Evelyn, as he looked upon the proposed match merely as a piece of family arrangement.

"Why—it is true," said Clatterton, "I never thought very seriously of her; but perhaps, that was owing to a foolish whim which took possession of my mind. I will reveal to you the particulars; and I assure you, my young friend, that it is a great proof of my esteem. After the death of my parents, I was left to the care of my grandfather, at Evelyn Hall. My uncle, Sir Edward, was then about nineteen, and I had ever been particularly favoured by him. About a mile from the hall, at the parsonage house lived Agatha Milford, a lovely, artless girl; her age was but fifteen; and young as I then was, I can remember the captivating beauty of her person, and her sweetness of manner. Unkuown to his family Sir Edward had cherished an attachment to this girl, which was returned by her with the most disinterested affection. Being a mere child, I was permitted to accompany my uncle whenever he visited Agatha; and perhaps, to those early scenes I may attribute the romantic ideas I have often given way to. Agatha always carressed me fondly; and her bare injunction was sufficient to keep me silent on the subject of my uncle's visits, which continued till I was sent on my travels. I was absent five years; and, when I returned, found my uncle married—but not to Agatha; and, when introduced to Lady Evelyn, I beheld to my great mortification, a perfect stranger, instead of the beloved friend I had anxiously longed to embrace. I soon interrogated Sir Edward concerning her; his answers were cold and reserved; but a sigh broke from him, and I perceived he was not happy: he had sacrificed love and honour to family pride and ambition. In vain did I enquire for Agatha:—her father had been dead two years, and she had forsaken the house; but whether happily or unhappily situated I could not learn. There was an air of mystery in all my uncle's replies, that puzzled me: at length he called me one day into his chamber——

'Clatterton,' said he, 'I am about to place a trust in you of a serious nature; and, light and frivolous as you are in general, I expect you will, in this be prudent. Here is the picture of Agatha Milford:—I cannot behold it without feeling a secret pang. I once loved her;—and, I know, even you regarded her sufficiently to make her resemblance valuable to you.—Take it! I know not whether the original is still living; nor can I reveal to you the particulars of our separation at present.—I am now going to Antigua: should you ever hear of her, let me know; but take no steps in the affair, as you value my friendship.'

"I took the portrait, and gazed on the resemblance with emotions I hardly then knew the nature of. My uncle departed with his regiment, of which he was colonel; and his wife, perhaps, feeling too forcibly the neglect of a man who had merely married her through motives of family dignity, lived but a few months after their separation; since that time I have been unsuccessful in my search after Agatha.—But, why should I repine?—if she lives, it is not for me; and, perhaps, the dear girl has made a more happy choice.—Georgiana shall now be mine; and, I hope, dear Frank, you will beat the bushe for your fly-away with better luck.

Edwards made few comments, but, in his heart, doubted whether he should be more successful than his friend; and, the regiment being shortly removed to a town within thirty miles of London, he again became a prey to the most unceasing anxiety. One day, when he returned to his apartment to dress, his servant informed him that a message had been sent from the —— inn, requesting his attendance on a a gentleman who had refused to send his name. Edwards was much surprised, but resolved to attend the summons; and, as soon as he was dressed, repaired alone, to the inn. He was immediately shewn into an apartment, where he found a youth, of whose features, he imagined, he had some recollection; but, it being then twilight, he could not be certain. The stranger, without giving him time to speak, rose to receive him; and accosting him by his name, said——

"I should apologize, to you for neglect-

ing to acquaint you with the name of the person who has thus presumed to solicit your company, but that I know you would be equally unacquainted with that as with my person; and the business I have with you is of a nature that must render form immaterial."

He seemed embarrassed as he spoke; and Edwards waited, in mute astonishment, the result of this strange adventure.

"Have you dined?" asked the stranger, again addressing him.

Edwards said he had not; and, upon invitation, consented to stay at the inn. During dinner, the stranger spoke little, appeared thoughtful, and frequently sighed: when the wine was brought, he smiled——

"I am but a poor companion at a bottle, Mr. Edwards;—you will excuse me, I hope:—my first glass must be to the girl of my heart."

He filled:—Edwards followed his example;—and the stranger bending over his glass, said——

"To the health of Matilda Aubrey."

"Do you know her?" asked Francis starting, and putting down the glass.

"Intimately," replied his companion; "and it is concerning her you see me here.—And, now, tell me honestly the terms you are upon with that Lady."

Edwards hesitated.——

"Your question, Sir, is abrupt, not to say rude; and I know not whether I should answer it or not."

"Just as you please," returned the other, coldly; "only understand this—I am authorised by the lady herself to make the enquiry.—In fact, I am her brother—I think you must have perceived the resemblance. She has informed me of your acquaintance at Canterbury, an intimacy which she thinks on with pleasure. Her friends are urgent for her to marry; but the man they have selected for her is not the object of her choice:—you will pardon my plainness, now, I trust, and honour me with your real sentiments."

"Undoubtedly," replied Edwards. "The admiration your sister excited in my heart, I may say, almost claims the tenderest name; and I doubt not that a further acquaintance would confirm that claim. But it would ill become me to encourage a partiality on either side, which may ultimately involve us both in distress; for, here I candidly declare, I have neither fortune nor expectations beyond my daily pay."

That is immaterial, Sir," replied the stranger, hastily. "If your affection is supported by honourable views, the fortune of my sister will, when of age, be amply sufficient."

"Excuse me, Mr. Aubrey," interrupted Edwards; "I would not be so base as to steal into a family, who, knowing my pretensions, would refuse me with scorn."

"I see how it is, Sir," said Aubrey, colouring highly; "you varnish over your want of love for my sister by this plausible parade of honour."

"I know not, Sir," returned Edwards, haughtily, whether you seek, by this interference, to befriend or insult me; but you mistake me much, if your last sentence expressed your opinion of me.—I admire, nay, love Miss Aubrey too well to suffer her to disgrace herself."

Aubrey covered his face with his hands, and seemed much agitated.—Edwards proceeded——

"Your zeal in your sister's behalf may lead you to her injury, and, were I dishonourable enough, I might avail myself of your favour: but, I see, you are young and inexperienced;—and to that I impute your generous error."

"You are right!" exclaimed his companion; "'tis my youth and inexperience that urges me to this:—then you positively decline an alliance with Matilda Aubrey?"

"Do not interpret so hastily," interrupted Edwards; "were you authorised to propose one, I should answer you differently:—but concluding, from what you have said, that the family of that lady is wealthy and respectable, I am two conscious of the disadvantages I labour under to presume to hope for such an union; it is, therefore, better for the peace of both that we see each other no more:—honour, duty, every consideration, require the sacrifice; and I doubt, as it is the greatest on my side, it is the more my duty to enforce it."

"Ah, heavens!" exclaimed Aubrey, falling back in his chair, "then all is lost!"

The tears started to his eyes, and he seemed nearly fainting. Edwards sprung from his seat, and flew to his support.

"Amiable youth! why this excessive sensibility?"

He took one of his hands,—it was cold and white as marble. A sudden idea darted across his mind, as he gazed upon the now inanimate features of his companion; he loosened his collar, to give him air—every thing conspired to convince him it was Matilda Aubrey. Her complexion, darkened by art, had, for a while deceived him; and, he now pressed her with a wild transport of astonishment and rapture to his beating heart.

When Matilda revived, she found that her secret was discovered; and she hid her face in his bosom, while a torrent of tears served to relieve her. Edwards soon urged an explanation.

"Forgive this rash step," said she, recovering some degree of composure; "extremity, only, has driven me to it. I wished to try your principles before I put myself in your power;—that trial has answered my most sanguine hopes. I have now no other fear than that of suffering in your opinion; however, I would have you be assured, that, with all this apparent imprudence, there are bounds, beyond which I will not transgress."

She spoke with assumed dignity, and Edwards listened in silent attention.

"I have not deceived you in respect to my family; my fortune will be ample; and in twelve months I shall be of age; and, if you please to accept the proffered gift, this hand shall then be your's. I see your surprise—I guess what you would say. But, hear me:—had I staid longer with my friends, I should have been urged into an alliance contrary to my inclination; in preference to which, I chose to adopt this plan, eccentric as it may seem to a narrow, prejudiced mind:—mine is not such—and I seek in your's a congenial soul. I have an independent income;—and here I wish to live, awhile, retired and concealed from my friends—Your society shall alone enliven my solitude; and we shall thereby form a friendship which years of formal courtship might not affect. It now rests with you to perfect or destroy my plan."

Whatever Edwards thought, he could not possibly start any objections to measures prompted by the most generous attachment; and, to the purity of his own intentions, he trusted to avoid any evil consequences: he therefore thanked her, in the most ardent terms, for the confidence she ventured to repose in him, and with ease arranged every thing for her accommodation.—Apartments were taken for her at a farm-house some distance from the town, where she was to pass for his sister.

(To be Continued.)

AN inconstant man is a wandering star never fixed in any resolution. Whatsoever he meant or said is presently altered, for he meant it not long enough to take impression. All his purposes are built upon the floating island of his several humours. He is the best enemy that can be, but the worst friend; for 'tis a wonder if his love or hatred last so long as *a wonder*

PARADOX.

FOR THE LADIES.

THERE are two enemies in the universe, whose origin is so exactly opposite to each other, as to be quoted, by way of comparison, for being the veriest contradictions in human nature; and so bitter are they in this instance, that what one has taken infinite pains to complete, the other has been equally indefatigable in endeavouring to destroy. Yet with all these evident attempts to keep up their ancient inveteracy, it is no less certain than wonderful, that the effects of their operations are precisely alike. Both of them by the same act, bestow permanent health, or debilitating sickness; contract and expand, brace and relax, the fibres of animation, in those cities which are blessed and cursed with their presence. The influence of these strange creatures extends from the arctic to the antarctic; nay, their travels have reached to either extremity of the globe, and are, at times, the objects of adoration and aversion: even the passions and appetites of those with whom they reside are extremely subjected to their sway; now conferring langour, debility, inertion, and indifference; now rousing the dormant qualities; invigorating the weak; banishing apathy; and enlivening the torpid principles.—Their dress, too, is as various as their modes of governing, which produce such similar consequences: the one, sometimes, trims his garments (which are of a plain colour, and strong course texture) with fringes of a peculiar brilliancy. This is a matter of much contention to his unwilling contemporary; who, although her gaudy robes would ill-become the additional finery, fixes an eye of such angry import upon it, as obliges the old beau to drop the ill-assorted ornament, and, by this reluctant compliment, proves the inferiority of his claim to equal power.

FROM AN IRISH PAPER.

DWYER,

The Irish Rebel Chief.

THIS very extraordinary man, who ever since the late rebellion has maintained himself and his gang in the recesses of the *Wicklow mountains*, constantly refusing all offers of amnesty or pardon, and mocking and baffling all attempts to take or destroy him, in consequence of the great rewards offered by Government, now becomes more than ever an object of public attention and curiosity in the united country.

The humble and obscure history of the early life of this desperado, presents nothing worthy of notice. Born in the wilds of Wicklow, his first situation in life was that of a cow-boy, and afterwards employed in tanners' yards, until the breaking out of the late rebellion, at which time, being about six or seven and twenty years of age, he ranged himself, with enthusiasm, under the banners of insurrection; and, though always foremost in danger, had the good fortune to retire unhurt through all the battles of that deplorable contest. When the rebellion was put down, and most of the leaders, with their partizans, hastened to avail themselves of the act of Amnesty, *Dwyer* rejected the merciful offers of the Government, and withdrew, accompanied by a chosen band, into the fastnesses of his native mountains, where he has since kept his ground, bidding defiance to all the parties sent out from time to time against him. There is nothing more extraordinary in what relates to this man, than his surprising means of obtaining secret information.

On a certain night three men who had before, we believe, been privates in the *Meath* Militia, and one of whom was the first that administered to his then chief, the oath of an United Irishman, suddenly deserted from his gang. *Dwyer* instantly concluded that they had been tempted by the reward to betray him, of which he not only soon after received a confirmation from his emissaries, but also intelligence of the night on which they were to set out for the purpose of securing him. Being, as they thought well acquainted with all his haunts, they made little doubt of their success, but were waylaid by *Dwyer*, who put them to death with his own hand, not suffering his companions to interfere in what he considered, or at least represented to be, his just and personal revenge. After this, however, he became more wary and suspicious of some of his associates, and therefore inviting those on whom he could least rely, to a dinner in a distant quarter, he, after the feast was over, told them that as there was no longer any chance of French assistance, and the people in general disposed to submission, he found it in vain to hold out any longer; he must of course, dismiss them, and advised them to disperse, and return to their families, but never again to appear in the vicinity of those mountains. The wiskey punch was circulated until his companions became insensibly drunk, and when they awoke from their debauch, could find no traces of their former leader, who soon recruited his loss by the accession of others, on whose fidelity he could have more dependence.

It must be a matter of astonishment that an active, powerful, and vigilant government could never succeed in exterminating this banditti from these mountains, however difficult or inaccessible they may at first sight appear. The rebel who is intimately acquainted with the topography of the place, has his regular videts and scouts upon the *qui vive*, in all the most advantageous points—who, on the appearance of alarm, or the approach of strangers, blow their whistles, which resound through all the innumerable caverns, and are signals for a general muster to those hardy desperadoes. They are generally superintended by the chief himself, or by his brother-in-law of the name of Byrne, a determined fellow, in whom alone he places an unlimited confidence. They are both great adepts at disguising their faces and persons, and are thought to pay frequent visits to the metropolis, though they never have been detected.—Dwyer is a active, vigorous fellow, about five feet nine inches high, with something of a stoop about the shoulders. He has a ruddy complexion, with lively penetrating eyes; and is said to be wonderfully patient of fatigue, and fearless of every kind of danger.

ANECDOTES.

A deaf trunk-maker, in the park yesterday, when the guns were firing, asked a byestander, the cause of their being fired, who replied, that it was the taking of *St. Tobago*. The trunk-maker being asked by another, the reason of their being fired, very simply said, "I understand, sir, that it is in consequence of the taking *some tobacco!*" [*Lon. Pap.*

A felon, on his way to *execution*, at Pennenden Leath, called out to some soldiers, as he passed, to know if they were not militia-men, and some of them *substitutes*. Being answered in the affirmative, he drolly asked if either of them would become a *substitute* for him, as he did not like so much parade and nonsense, and wished to go another way. [*ibid.*

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

QUESTION.

THE 17th verse of the fourth chapter of Paul's epistle to the Galatians, begins thus—*They zealously affect you*, &c. Quere, the antecedent to the pronoun *they*?

J. D. C.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

CONTEMPLATIONS.

Written a short time after our emancipation from the power of Great Britain.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 348.)

NOW cheerful Spring expands her genial powers, and nature smiles around, liveryed in green. Hail prince of seasons! sweet harbinger of plenty still to come! for thee the joyful nymphs and swains awake to taste thy healthy pleasures; the fragrant air, perfumed from many boughs, invites the hardy swain, who, whistling while he labours, cheats his assumed task of half its toil; the lowing herd, from the full udder press'd with hand of rosy nymph, yields nectar sweeter to the taste than that which oft bewildered poets sung.—Nor with Heaven's joys is man alone refreshed; the beasts that roam the woods and plains feel cheering Spring throughout their hardy natures work; they howl their rugged loves, and, with fierce pleasure, play; echo itself, well pleased, receives the roar, and faithful to its trust reverberates again; the race of creeping serpents, that through the cold inclement season dormant lay, in torpid state secured by Heaven's ETERNAL KING from winter's fierce extreme, enlivening Spring now bids their frozen lengths revive, and animates again the lifeless body; the social warmth diffusing life and joy, and life and joy the genial heat confesss; hissing their loves, and basking in the sun's prolific beams, or swift meandering o'er the teeming ground, they, prostrate, praise, in manner as their natures are, the bounteous GOD of Nature.—From thee, oh GOD! the feathery tribe, wing'd high in air, or chirping their loves from spray to spray, acknowledge all their joys, and with delight, warble thy goodness and thy praise.

All nature round now chaunts the praises due to HIM, who formed it capable of praise.—Welcome! thrice welcome heart-enlivening Spring, thy healthy joys hath power to cheer my sickly frame, and aid my feeble pen to attempt thy praise. How great the contrast from the bleak unsocial blasts of rugged winter, when nature "frowned in tempests and in storms," when all around was sad, and sullen as the driving gale, that with dread fury pierc'd both man and beast, exposed; when rugged trunks of stubborn oaks, stripped of their branching pride, displayed a cheerless growth—In the fierce whirlwind, awfully sublime, ALMIGHTY POWER resides, and in the raging storm the hand of Heaven directs and governs well; and all's secure, tho' whirlwinds roar and raging storms increase, where GOD resides, and where his wisdom governs and directs! Whether mild opening Spring, with teeming pleasure pleas'd, improving Summer's pregnant warmth,—the ripened joys of the Autumnal months, or Winter with its hoary locks, presides; the hand of Heaven directs the whole, and all resound its praise.—The hand of Heaven is not impaired, nor will it ever be; its works are perfect, and though the Author is himself unseen, they boldly speak and own their Maker GOD. From spreading oak, tall tyrant of the shade, down to the humble laurel of the vale, the work of Hands Divine is seen in various forms: to the All-bounteous GOD of Nature imperious Man owes all his breathing dust;—a wonder to himself; his very cause of action to himself unknown; nor can his deep researches sound the plan, or find the secret out. Avaunt, unthinking Atheist! cease your blasphemous tongue, nor longer dare impute to erring Chance, weak as thy blinded notions, the cause that made and guides this fair creation, and form'd thy finish'd self! View in thyself the work of GOD who made thee! Behold how fitly join'd, how nobly fram'd, and how completely finish'd, is the man that dares disown his Maker! Scrutinize thyself! in every joint the work of Hands Divine appear; each atom of thy frame, dependent on another, and in sweet unison the whole combines, deprived of a part, and it affects the whole. Ah! how unlike to wild confused chance! Can chance, itself the offspring of disorder, an hetrogeneal mass arrange, and place in equitable poise the various parts of the stupendous whole? Presumptuous! dare you answer yea, and thus belie your own experience; 'tis GOD has formed you, and at your hand expects the talents lent improv'd.

As late I rode the accustomed round, on meditation bent, the ruins of a noble pile of modern buildings opened to my view, destroyed by wasting fire; for still the black coals unto the timbers loosely clung. Upon enquiry, soon I found it was the fatal fruits of wasteful war. Minions of darkness, led by British fiends, kindled the fearful blaze; the raging flame pursued its work, and soon the fair mansion levelled with the ground. Methinks I see the helpless family begging for mercy around the cruel tyrant; while, with hell-directed pleasure, he enjoys their keen distress;—methinks I see a savage soldiery, accustomed to devastation, and grown bold in wantonness and cruelty, (yet still less cruel than their master) reluctantly apply the kindling torch. At that moment, Oh my country! what dangers did surround; a cruel enemy, with all the instruments of war and vengeance; daring in numbers, and superior in the art of war, bearing all opposition down, and laying waste, with diabolic fury, all that was worth possessing! But in the very hour when all appeared as lost, and the fate of AMERICA depending on a Despot's nod, the voice of Heaven was heard—"Thus far, nor farther shalt thou go, and here thy fury shall be stayed;"—and Heaven's kind interposing hand check'd their infuriate rage, and bid fair FREEDOM reassume her joys! "Nor here stopp'd short;" but aided those, once dependant colonies, TO TAKE A STAND AMONG THE NATIONS OF THE EARTH, AND PUT ON A CONSEQUENCE AS GREAT AS THEY; and from their once dependant vassalage to Britain's imperious king, THIRTEEN UNITED STATES arose respected; consolidated in one general government, the wonder of the world!—And has indulgent Heaven thus smil'd upon those western states, and freely given us liberty and peace? Indulgent Heaven has smiled, and we enjoy the blessing—No nation, ever bless'd with Heaven's smiles, has greater cause than we, with gratitude and love, to render Heaven the best return within our power to give—Superior our enjoyments, the greater ought our gratitude to be. The ALMIGHTY'S arm upheld our tottering freedom, when war, with baneful progress, mark'd its wasteful way along our frighted groves, and check'd the fury of a cruel foe. Guided by Heaven, a band of heroes, as a band of brothers, join'd, with WASHINGTON their chief; and, though unequal to their foe in numbers or the art of war,—the art of war and numbers nought availed. Had tyranny succeeded in its dark designs, and fix'd its deadly ensigns of despotic power on fair COLUMBIA'S shores, instead of blessings that we now enjoy, the curses ever attendant on a despot's reign had swelled the fearful catalogue of ignorance and cruelty. Instead of seminaries, erected for the encouragement of the arts and sciences, and the training of youth in wisdom's pleasant ways, our own habitations had been turned into barracks, and a foreign band of vagabonds and soldiers quartered upon the hard earnings of Columbia's industrious sons! Our long and just acquired property, necessary for our various wants, distrained by cruel hands to glut with luxuries a foreign court! Instead of peace and plenty, and the cheering pleasures of domestic joys, preserved by just

and equal laws; justice had been banished, and oppression, rape and rapine, uncontrolled, had ravaged through the land! Instead of verdant meads and fruitful fields, instead of peace and joy; WAR! wide desolating war! had laid our country waste, and a large tribe of sycophantic courtiers fastened on the spoil.

Bethink, my country, what your GOD has done! and learn to prize the jewel; for know, that in the using, the deserving's seen. Then let the important lesson waken every soul—*have I so used the talent given to my care, as to meet the smiles of Heaven?* The talent is the LORD's—the improvement ours. And he that gave, can (when he pleases) demand again; and will, whence'er his mercies are with base ingratitude repaid....And have we not with base ingratitude repaid his many mercies? I fear we have: and justly may we dread the frowns of an Almighty Power, whose ministers are ready at his nod, to execute his just cammands....*Famine*, with meagre stare! or *Pestilence* with rapid progress! may soon destroy our feeble race. Our crimes, repeated, cry aloud for vengeance; 'tis time to mend, lest GOD, who gave, repent him of the good he did, and doom our forfeit lands and lives a prey to some superior power. I. E.

AN EXCELLENT CUSTOM OF THE *SAMNITES.*

THE Samnites had a custom, which, in so small a republic, and especially in their situation, must have produced admirable effects. The young people were all convened in one place, and their conduct examined. He that was declared the best of the whole assembly, had leave given him to take which girl he pleased for his wife; the person that had been declared second best, chose after him, and so on. Admirable institution! The only recommendation that young men could have on this occasion was owing to virtue, and to the services done their country. He who had the greatest share of those endowments, chose which girl he liked out of the whole nation. Love, beauty, chastity, birth, and even wealth itself, were all, in some measure, the dowry of virtue. A nobler and grander recompense, less chargeable to a petty state, and more capable of influencing both sexes, could scarcely be imagined.

The Samnites were descended from the Lacedæmonians: And Plato, whose institutes are only an improvement of those of Lycurgus, enacted very near the same law.

[Montesquieu.

EXTRACT

From the Writings of a celebrated Essayist.

——"I WAS struck at a gentleman's saying of an acquaintance of his, that he had no *soul*—no *spunk* in him. Though I had no precise knowledge of the word, *spunk*, yet I considered it as a term of indignity, and made some enquiries after the unfortunate object to whom it was applied. But guess at my additional surprise, when I found that he was a prudent, careful and worthy man; and that the only reason the other had for annihilating his *thinking parts* was, his having had so much thought and consideration, as to prefer staying at home with his wife and family, to making one of a riotous party who proposed visiting ******. On a number of questions, which from time to time I have proposed on this subject, I find the following are the strongest discriminating characteristics between

The man who has a Soul, and The man who has no Soul.

One who is extravagant and exceeds the bounds of his income, under the idea of spirit and generosity.

One who is proud in discharging all debts of *honour*, and evades the payment of all others.

One who professes to be above all the forms of religion, and considers devotion as another word for folly or hypocrisy.

One who swears and drinks to an immoderate degree.

One who will debauch his friend's wife, or prostitute his own, and run any man through, who calls his *honour* in question.

One who calls the admonitions of conscience the palsy of the soul.

One who laughs at hell.

One who lives on a prudent plan, and brings his expences within the limits of his fortune, under the idea of living to-day, as he can live to-morrow.

One who never contracts any debts of *honour*, and is careful to discharge all others.

One whose honesty is supported by Christianity; and tho' he hates ostentation, is not ashamed of his profession.

One who drinks no more than will do him good, and swears none at all.

One who shudders at the idea of seduction or prostitution, and would rather be stigmatized for a coward by men than be judged a murderer by God.

One who regards the dictates of conscience as the voice of Heaven.

One who lives so as not to fear hell.

"The constrast may be extended to a much greater length, and each definition be shewn properly to belong to the opposite character, if words retained their usual signification in the English language."

Diversity.

"EVERY man in a free country, whether he be gentle or simple, has an undoubted right to offer his wares at public market; and even though they should appear unfashionable and bungling, if they had been wrought according to his best skill, it would be cruelly hard to hiss him out of the market place.——Just so it ought to be respecting *intellectual* manufactures. If a man is persuaded that he has started a good thought, or made an important and useful discovery, and is conscientiously constrained to disburden his mind, he seems entitled to indulgence and civil usage, even though the thought should prove to be stale, or the discovery trivial and useless."

(Extract—from the Balance.

THE FOLLY OF MEDDLING WITH TOOLS WE DO NOT UNDERSTAND.

In a select and numerous company, a gentleman, after dinner, gained great applause by quoting these lines at the removal of the table-cloth, and a green cloth remaining.

Diffugêre nives redeunt jam gramina campis.
The snow is fled, and the grass returns to the plains.

A country 'squire, who laughed at the saying, as well as the rest of the party, but was the only one who did not understand the point, treasured the *words* up, and made the same quotation at his own house, when the servant had removed the table-cloth. To his great surprise nobody laughed. The fact was there was no green cloth.

WILLIAM PENN and *Thomas Story*, travelling together in Virginia were caught by a shower of rain, and unceremoniously sheltered themselves from it in a tobacco-house, the owner of which happening to be within it, accosted them with "you have a great deal of impudence to trespass on my premises—you enter without leave—do you know who I am?" To which it was answered, no;—"Why then I would have you to know I am a justice of peace;" to which Thomas Story replied, *My friend here makes such things as these—he is the governor of Pennsylvania.* The great man quickly abated of his haughtiness and invited them into the

mansion house; they declined his courtesy and when the shower was over, they proceeded on their journey.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

United States, Oct. 31, 1803.

MR. HOGAN,

If the young Ladies of Princeton have not yet settled their accounts, the following among several modes of adjustment producing the same result, may be offered to their consideration. *TWICE EIGHT.*

1. L+M+C+O=77
2. L+E+C+O=80
3. L+E+M+O=82
4. L+E+M+C=81
5. E+M+C+O=84

} per quest.

By 1.+5. 6. L+E=161−2O−2C−2M
7. 161−O−C−2M=80
8. 161−O−2C−M=82
9. 161−2O−C−M=81

By 7. 10. −O=2M+C−81
11. 80+M−C=82
12. 3M+C−1=81

By 11. 13. M=2+C

By 12. 14. $M=\frac{82-C}{3}$

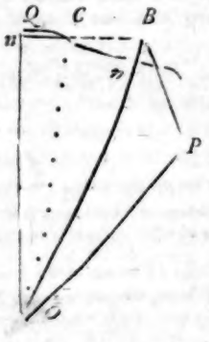
By 13=14. 15. C=19

C=19 Clara
By 13 M=21 Maria
By 7 O=20 Olivia
By 1 L=17 Elen
By 2 E=24 Eliza

SOLUTION

To J. G.'s Question, page 310.

IN the annexed figure, let *O* represent the centre of the earth; *QCm* the meridian passing thro' Cayenne; and *Q* the point where the Equator cuts said meridian. Make the arch *QC*=4° 56′, then will the point *C* represent Cayenne; thro' *C*, perpendicular to *OQ*, let *nC* be drawn, and continue it to *B*, so that *CB* will be equal to 1500, then will *B* represent the place of the ball at the end of its flight; and if *BO* be drawn, cutting the meridian in *m*, *m* will have the same bearing with *B*. Moreover, let the point *P* represent Philadelphia, and join *PO*, *PB* and *OC*. Now taking *OQ*, the earth's semidiameter, to be 3970 miles, the sine *Cn* will be found to be 341,4 miles, and consequently *nE*=1841,4; whence *BO*=4362,4. and the arch *Qm*, or the lat. of *B*=24° 58′ N. The latitude of Philadelphia is 39° 57′, and the longitude of Cayenne 22° 57′, E. whence per spheries, the bearing is found south 59° 1′ East, and their distance, in a great circle, 24° 21′. Lastly, in the plane triangle *BOP*, are given the sides *BO* and *OP*, with the included angle (24° 21′) to find *BP*,=1798,5 miles. The distance required.



Scholium—This question admits of two solutions, for we are not informed whether the ball moves toward the Equator or from it. If it be said, the ball cannot move through the solid earth from *C* towards *n*; I answer, it is as impossible for it to move through the air, 1500 miles in a straight line. SCIOLUS.

PHILADELPHIA,

NOVEMBER 5, 1803.

VERY few deaths of the malignant fever have occurred in New York or Alexandria, during the week past.

ALL restrictions on the intercourse between this City and New York, have been taken off by the Board of Health.

VESSELS arriving from foreign ports are to be visited in future, opposite the city, by the Hospital Physician, agreeably to law.

MOHNTLY BILL OF MORTALITY.

Number of INTERMENTS in the Burial Grounds of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, in the month of October last—Adults, 182; Children, 51—Total, 233.

The number of Deaths in the present year, contrasted with the Deaths which occurred in the same months of 1802.

	1802.			1803.		
	Adults.	Chil.	Total.	Adults.	Chil.	Tot.
January,	142	75	217	68	42	110
February,	110	60	170	76	35	111
March,	100	47	147	66	41	107
April,	90	58	148	75	41	116
May,	82	59	141	69	41	110
June,	96	67	163	78	64	142
July,	129	132	261	78	127	205
August,	109	153	262	112	182	294
September,	178	106	284	208	84	292
October,	211	78	289	182	51	233
	1247	835	2082	1012	708	1720

Cliosophical Society.

A Stated meeting of the Cliosopical Society will be held at the usual place, on Wednesday evening next, at six o'clock precisely. Punctual attendance is requested.

November 5th, 1803.

A MOST BARBAROUS MURDER.

WINDHAM, (*Con.*) Sep. 29.

ON Thursday last, the trial of *Caleb Adams* for the murder of *Oliver Woodworth*, a child six years old, came on before the Hon. Superior Court, then sitting in this town.—To accommodate the great collection of spectators, who had assembled to witness this solemn scene, the trial was held in the Meeting-house. From the testimony of the witnesses before the Court, and from other respectable information, we have been able to gather the following particulars respecting this affair:——Caleb Adams, the prisonor, is in his 19th year; his mother has been dead, and his father is in a deranged state of mind, and resides in some part of Massachusetts. —An uncle, who had the care of Caleb, put him to Mr. Reuben Sharp's of Pomfret, (Abington Society) about two years since, where he had ever been well treated. The two winters he had lived with Mr. Sharp, he had been sent to school, and had made considerable proficiency in reading. —Oliver Woodworth, the deceased child, has a father living in Norwich, his mother is dead, and Mr. Sharp, not having any children of his own, at her decease took Oliver to bring him up, and he had been with him about ten months. The two boys had lived together in good harmony, as far as notice had been taken of their conduct to each other—though it had been observed of Caleb, that he was cruel and malicious to cattle, and other brute creatures, and was profane in his language.

On Tuesday, the 13th inst. the day the murder was committed, Mr. Sharp had occasion to leave home, on business, and gave it in charge to Caleb, to pull a certain parcel of beans, which by Caleb's desire, was to be his day's task. After Mr. Sharp had gone, Caleb persuaded the little boy to assist him in his work, for which he promised to do him some favour. Towards evening Mr. Sharp returned home, and found the business he had set Caleb about, unfinished—he enquired for him and the child, and was informed they had not been home; Mr. Sharp was not however immediately alarmed, as he concluded they were looking up the cows, but the cows soon came without them, and they were not within call. Mr. Sharp now rallied some of the neighbours, and a search was made for them that evening, to no effect—a little girl had seen Caleb that afternoon grinding a large knife; this circumstance was considerably alarming to Mr. Sharp, but as Caleb had left him once or twice before without leave, it seemed probable to Mr.

Sharp that he had now gone to his uncle's in Brooklyn, and had enticed Oliver off with him. This at least, was the most favourable conclusion he could draw from the circumstances that presented. Early next morning, Mr. Sharp set off for Brooklyn, and found Caleb, as he expected, at his uncle's, eating his breakfast; but on enquiring for the child, Caleb said he left him in the woods. Alarmed at this answer, Mr. Sharp told Caleb, he feared he had killed Oliver; Caleb however denied it.—Mr. Sharp then told him he must immediately return with him, to which Caleb readily and cheerfully consented. On the way, Caleb was frequently questioned and charged with the suspicion of the murder; sometimes he would deny it, and at others remain silent, till at last, being closely questioned by some of the company, he confessed that he had murdered Oliver, told all circumstances respecting it, and said he would conduct them to the place, which he accordingly did, being in a wood not a great way from Mr. Sharp's.—Here the child was found murdered in a cruel and shocking manner—the top of his head beat in, his throat cut from ear to ear, and within two feet of him, lay an ax and a bloody knife, instruments of the cruel deed! On being questioned by the amazed spectators, as to the motives that instigated him to perpetrate the horrid crime, Caleb confessed that he had no other reason, than that Oliver threw his sled several times off the wall, at which he was so exasperated, that he determined to kill him as soon as he could be provided with the means, and a fit place. Accordingly he prepared the knife, and taking an ax in his hand, enticed the unsuspecting child to a brook, telling him he would there get him some grapes—but probably not thinking this place so secure for his dark purpose, he allured him to a wood, a place of greater retirement, with a promise that he would cut a tongue for his little sled; when in this secluded lonely place, where no eye could see nor ear hear, the cruel monster, still intent on his murderous plan, while the innocent prattling child had his back towards him, lifted the axe and striking the child a severe blow on the top of the head, brought him to the ground, repeating the blows several times, and being still more cruel and unrelenting, with the knife, barbarously cut his throat, and then immediately left him, weltering in his blood! On being asked what he thought after he had perpetrated the deed, he intimated that he soon became sensible of the enormity of his crime, and would have given the whole world, to restore the child to life.

In the prisoner's defence it was offered, that he had always been a strange child: That he would often have strange odd actions, when alone, without any apparent cause, and that the capacities of his mind were not equal to lads in general of his age; these circumstances were urged with great ingenuity and ability by the able counsel assigned him, as important considerations for the jury, and ought to have great weight and influence in their dicision. It is true, that either for want of sufficient powers of mind, to lead him to a just view of his awful situation, or through design to affect extreme ignorance, the prisonor appeared at the solemn trial, (tho' his life was in the cause,) a most unconcerned and thoughtless spectator!

The trial began in the morning, and the day had nearly closed, before the cause was submitted to the jury. The next morning the jury returned into Court with a verdict, "*Guilty.*"

On Saturday afternoon, the prisoner was again put to the bar, and having nothing to offer, why judgment should not pass against him, his honour Judge Root, after one of the most solemn, affecting and tender addresses, pronounced the awful sentence of death upon him. During this trying scene, the prisoner appeared more attentive, and his countenance indicated more real concern, than has been noticed of him since his imprisonment.

His execution is to take place on Tuesthe 29th day of November.

From the Kentucky Gazette.

As I am now making arrangements for publishing a History of the Indian Wars in the Western Country of North America, from the commencement of Hostilities against the United States, to the treaty of Greenville. I will thank such persons as are acquainted with *relative facts*, to communicate them to me, as soon as possible.

Such printers of newspapers in the United States as are friendly disposed to the undertaking, will be so good as to insert the above.

ALLAN B. MAGRUDER.

TO VICTUALLERS.

Lord Carrington, president of the Board of Agriculture, in the true spirit of practical humanity, requested Mr. Mellish to make trial at the Victualling Office (in Eng.) of the slaughtering knife for *laying* oxen. Those gentlemen complied, and with a commendable zeal and perseverance, totally overcame the obstinate prejudices of the persons employed under them: in consequence of which, the method of *laying* oxen with the knife, instead of the old, cruel, laborious and troublesome method, has met the most complete success. The animal falls senseless in an instant, and not only the head and neck, but the carcase in general, is found to be in a much superior condition to that in which it had used to be after the numerous and uncertain blows, bruises and frights too commonly attendant on the old method.

In the same way we are assured by the Rev. Mr. Marshall, eels, and fish of all kinds may be instantaneously killed, an incision being made with a sharp pointed penknife, or puncture with a bodkin, longitudinally into the brain, about half an inch or an inch above the eyes, according to the size of the fish—a method which will be remembered by those who wish to lessen the unnecessary sufferings of animal nature.

[*Monthly Review, Aug.* 1803.

FLORENCE.

Charles Lewis, the infant king of Etruria, was placed on the throne by the side of the Queen Regent his mother, on the 29th August. The ceremony was conducted with great magnificence, and he received the oath of fidelity and obedience with the customary forms.

His majesty appeared much diverted with the ceremony, and amused himself with a coral and bells, during most of the solemnity. He was a little fatigued, while the orator from the Senate was pronouncing an address, congratulating the kingdom on that auspicious event; but a few *bon bons* (sugar plumbs) from the Queen restored his majesty to the most perfect good humour.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 19th ult. by John Baker, esq Mr. *Amor Eachus*, of Chester county, to Miss *Hannah Flounders* of the County of Delaware.

———, on the 30th ult. by John Baker, esq. Mr. *Hart B. Phillips* of Philadelphia, to Miss *Merion Sitelman* of New-Jersey.

———, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. J. Cohen, Mr. *Myer Moses*, of Charleston South Carolina to the amiable Miss *Phillips*, daughter of the late Mr. Jonas Phillips, of this city.

———, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Hutchins, Mr. *T. F. F. Wessels*, merchant of Baltimore, to Miss *Sarah Shoemaker Johns*, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Mathew Johns, of this city.

We are requested to contradict the marriage of Mr. *John Leycock*, to Miss *Margaret Riffin*, published on the 15th ult.

Deaths.

DIED, at Anapolis, (Maryl.) on the 22d ult. in the 50th year of his age, *John Callaban*, esq register of the land-office for the Western Shore of that State.

——, on the 26th ult. in the Great Valley, Chester-county, in the ninety-fourth year of his age, the Rev. *William Currie*, formerly missionary to the churches of Radnor and Perquiomen.

——, on the 29th ult. at his residence in Buckingham, Bucks county, Mr. *Samuel Harrold*, aged 76.

——, on 31st. ult. at Charlestown, (Maryl.) Mr. *John Wells*, of the Northern Liberties.

——, at Richmond (Vir.) in the 81st year of hisage, *Edmund Pendleton*, esq. the venerable President of the Court of Appeals of that state.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Thoughts in continuation of "*Contemplations written a short time after our emancipation from Great Britain,*" will be given in our next number.

I. J. would do well to consult *Twice Eight*—the principles of a question should be understood, before a solution is attempted.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HUMAN WOE.

A DIRGE.

ONE ev'ning as I wander'd forth
By rapid Schuylkill's side,
Under a weeping willow tree,
A rev'rend sage I 'spied.

Upon a seat, beneath its shade,
He lean'd his aged form,
That thro' the troublous sea of life
Had weather'd many a storm—

"Good ev'ning, friend," the sire bespoke,
"From whence—to where d'ye hie?
Does rude unlawful sensual lusts
Attract thy youthful eye?

"Or, mark'd for melancholy's own,
Has fate ordain'd it so,
That thy young mind should be oppress
Beneath a weight of woe?

"If haply I've been led to guess
Thy hapless state, my son,
Think not the unrelenting dart
Is aim'd at thee alone:

"A pilgrimage of *eighty years*
I've wander'd to and fro;
And every year pass'd o'er my head
Has added woe to woe.

"The only happiness of man
To childhood seems confin'd,
Before that keen discernment draws,
The veil from off the mind.

"In riper years the blood is warm;
But ills, unnumber'd, flow,
And oft we hug th' ensnaring charm—
Prophetic of our woe.

"O man! while in thy early years,
Improve thy precious time;
From sage experience learn *how high*
To estimate thy prime.

"Trust not to prospects, distant, vain,
But present pains bestow:
For he that looks to future days,
But looks to future woe.

"The spring of youth will soon be past,
With all her blooming charms;
And then, alas! comes winter's blast,
With all his drear alarm;

"When age and want, and pains combine
Our feeble frames to bow—
This is the time we're sadly left
To muse on HUMAN WOE!

"A few, by fortune's smiles, are tais'd
From low to high degrees:
And some, tho' few, are born t' enjoy
Uninterrupted ease:

"But, oh! the numbers doom'd to bow
To circumstances low;
Deprivd of comforts that might tend
To mitigate their woe.

"The former roll in wealth and ease;
In stately mansions dwell:
The latter, with corroding want,
Shrink to the humble cell.

"Those highly favour'd sons of wealth
With heedless steps dash on,
And seldom mark the path they tread
'Till health and pleasure's gone.

"But surely for the *virtuous** poor,
Are blessings kept in store;
When ills that them afflict while here
Shall them afflict no more."

* * * * * *

The old man ceas'd....With moisten'd e ye I turn'd,
And homeward bent my way; deep pondering
On the sad truths which from his lips had fall'n.

B. B.

NOTE.

* *Sympathy for the distressed, and for those who are suffering under oppression, is a natural sentiment of the human breast, and it is beneficial and laudable to cherish it to a certain degree. From this source, and from the generally received opinion, that poverty is more favourable to virtue than riches, many have been led to consider the former as an infallible proof of moral worth: whereas, if we take an impartial view of mankind, we shall find, that there are grades of merit and demerit as well among the low as the high, among the indigent as the affluent. Hence the peculiar propriety of our author's applying the epithet* virtuous, *to qualify his subject.* E.

SELECTED.

LOVE'S FOUR SENSES.

[After the ancient manner.]

BY THE LATE MRS. ROBINSON.

THAT Love is blind, old Poets say,
And Time has prov'd the saying true;
But Love can hear, feel, taste and smell,
Love may his eyes for ever close;
Yet he can tell
When he a beauteous flow'r has chose!

Give to the touch the holly bough,
The sick'ning rue inhale awhile;
Then, without eyes, you may discover
A loathsome wreath entwin'd, to prove
That e'en a Lover
May, without seeing, cease to love!

Who does not find the rose more sweet
Than the heart-sick'ning chamomile?
Who does not like a downy bed
In pref'rence to a couch of care,
Where Sorrow's head
May dreams of peaceful slumber share?

Who likes a stinging-nettle bough
To bind his breast? Or who would hear
Discordant shrieks of ravens vile,
When dulcet music may delight,
And bid him smile
Through the long, tedious, wint'ry night?

Touch Lesbia's warm and downy hand;
Then press old Sarah's fist of wood;
Hear Anna chaunt her melting lay;
Then listen to the harsh, deep note,
That spreads dismay
From brawling Bridget's husky throat!

Then say no more, that Love can know
No diff'rence with his bandeau on;
FOUR SENSES speak, tho' he is blind;
He *feels* the *sound* of voices sweet;
He *tastes* the mind;
And *scents* the *sigh* of Pity's balmly treat!

Then trust not, Beauty, that, since Love
Is blind, he may be still deceiv'd;
For, well 'tis known, one sense subdu'd,
Those that remain more active grow;
And, tho' not view'd,
He all your 'witching pow'rs will know!

He, like the bee, will sigh to steal
Pure nectar from the glowing lip;
He will the downy hand delight
To press; but near a lion's claws,
In wild affright,
He'd tremble—at the lion's jaws!

Love can imbibe the spicy gale
That Delia's fragrant breath bestows;
But, when unwholesome fogs are near,
Love will contagious mischiefs dread,
And shrink with fear—
That pain and death are round him spread?

Then let the *Urchin* only prove
His FOUR *fine* SENSES fraught with bliss;
And let him hide his radiant eyes;
Still blest will be the rosy boy
While Time supplies,
For him, *a world of endless joy!*

IMPROMPTU,

On the Marriage of Capt. FOOT, with Miss PATTEN.

(FROM A LONDON PAPER.)

MAY the union cemented this morning at matin,
Be blissful and crown'd with abundant of fruit!
May the *Foot* ever closely adhere to the *Patten*:
The *Patten* for ever stick close to the *Foot!*
And tho' pattens are used in moist dirty weather,
May their journey thro' life be unclouded and clean!
May they long *fit* each other—and, moving together,
May only one *sole* be still be cherish'd between.